

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

J. M. SWETNAM, Publisher.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT seems a little off on Conkling.

TUESDAY ended Griscomb's forty-five days fast. Next.

WEDNESDAY of this week the democrats of Ohio meet in convention to nominate a candidate for Governor.

ACCORDING to our advices by cable from France, the crops of that country are excellent, and this year's vintage will be the best for fifteen years.

THE youngest daughter of Wm. Morgan, who, it is claimed was put out of the way by reason of having divulged Masonic secrets many years ago, is said to be living in Oregon.

GEN. MEADE, was wounded during the rebellion, similar to Garfield. He recovered in two months. At his death, which occurred from pneumonia, the autopsy showed that the ball had pierced the liver.

IF THERE is even one intelligent republican who desires or attempts to create the impression that the assassination was a Stalwart plot, we have failed to meet him. People who have the political jim-jams sometimes conjure up frightful objects which have no existence outside their own disordered imaginations. It would be better to keep cool this hot weather.

WHAT to do with the assassin is a question the gigantic newspaper intellect is now wrestling with. The Chronicle takes the ground that he is not insane, but a moral idiot, and favors his extermination. A western man suggests frontier justice. "Hang him first and try him afterward." If the president recovers, by the laws of the District he can only be tried for assault with intent to kill, the penalty for which is eight years imprisonment.

GEN. GARFIELD has proved himself a true hero, and won the admiration of the whole nation by his pluck in the face of death. The Globe-Democrat says that, though the pistol of Guiteau failed to kill the president, it succeeded in re-uniting the republican party. We rather suspect that the true explanation would be that it demonstrated that the republican party was not divided, and gave somebody a splendid opportunity to "hedge" on its previous conduct.

ON June 30th, 1835, an attempt was made to assassinate President Andrew Jackson. He was passing through the capitol, to attend the funeral of a Congressman, with a gentleman walking on each side of him. Richard Henderson, an Englishman, and a house painter by trade, approached him, and drawing a pistol from under his cloak attempted to fire. It was a flint-lock and "flashed in the pan." He then drew a second pistol, but that too failed to go. He was arrested, but never tried. He was sent to the insane asylum, and as far as known was never released. He labored under the impression that Jackson's policy had caused the hard times which prevailed at that time.

ONE would suppose that a philosopher would live in a frame of mind far above the ordinary petty jealousies of life, but alas, for human nature such is not the case. We have but to hint that the GRAPHIC is enjoying a gratifying run of business, when lo! the DEMOCRAT man paws the earth and bellows like one of the bulls of Bashan. It is a veritable red rag in his sight. This week spot in this modern re-incarnated Plato proves the old adage that "one touch of nature proves the whole akim." In the words of Hans Breitman:

"Oh, vat is all of earthly bliss  
Und vat ish man's success;  
Und vat ish various kinds of dings  
Und vat is happiness?"

THERE are not wanting plenty of people, who have a vague feeling of impending awe and dread of dire results from the visit of the comet. People too, of more than average intelligence. What then can be expected of the ignorant and more credulous? We see by a late dispatch that the colored population of Richmond, Va., are wildly excited, and their fears have been fanned into still fiercer flames, by the recent attempt at assassination of the president, and the occurrence of minor calamities, which, magnified by their fears, assume colossal proportions.

During recent electrical phenomenon observable in the sunset sky some of colored philosophers decided that the "comet done bust" and affirmed an approaching smash up of all things terrestrial. The result is a marvelous revival among the colored sinners, and much sudden repentance and promise of reformation. In some of the tobacco factories the excitement has materially interfered with work, and the mania has assumed almost a decided and genuine form of lunacy.

## STATE ITEMS.

The Edina seminary will soon be under contract.

Judge Lacy is building a \$8,500 residence at Sedalia.

Small fire in the Gillis house, Moberly, Thursday morning.

The St. Charles car works employ 400 hands.

Fred Cole has been held for the next term of court at Fulton, for forgery.

Seven Star Springs has a paper—The Beacon Star—a creditable looking sheet.

The switchman's strike, Kansas City, fizzled. The roads have plenty of help at all rates.

Wm. Bessli, a Hannibalite, made his fourth attempt to kill himself, on Wednesday, but failed.

A 9-year old son of Thos. Wise, of Memphis, Mo., was drowned while bathing in a creek near that place July 4th.

There is a town club at Seven Star Springs, to promote the general interests of the community. A. J. Campbell is president.

Elsherry has raised \$2,500 for a high school, besides having received a gift of five lots for a site for same.

All saloons in Caldwell county closed to open no more July 4th.

Richard Hotchkiss was drowned at Huntsville the other day.

Handsome improvements are being made in the Presbyterian church at Kirksville.

Baid on "houses of joy" at St. Joseph continues. Usual fine runs from \$50 to \$200.

A seminary is talked of at Bowling Green under the auspices of Prof. J. D. Merriweather.

Mrs. Kate Merrill, of Louisiana, has been elected teacher of music in the Howard female college, Fayette.

Senator Heard, of Sedalia, has been appointed to prosecute the claims of the state against the government.

A large meeting was held at Mexico, Wednesday afternoon, to protest against the assassination. Ex-Gov. Hardin presided.

The governor has offered \$150 reward for arrest of Green Bink, charged with killing one McClellan in Clinton county, last January.

In United States district court, Jefferson City, Thursday, J. H. Bardison was fined \$400 and three months in Cole county jail, for not registering still.

Keystone iron works company, Kansas City, has been incorporated; \$50,000 capital; D. M. Jarboe, James Smith, G. W. McLean, A. M. Graff, incorporators.

A man—probably a tramp—was killed by a H. & St. Jo train at Humewell on Tuesday night—crushed into a shapeless mass.

Prof. Morris, president of Laclede seminary, Lebanon, has recently received the degree of M. A. from Bethany (W. Va.) college, and Abingdon (Ill.) college.

R. B. Hayden, living near Springfield, came to town to celebrate the Fourth. He bought a jug of whisky, and the next afternoon was found near his home lying in the road dead, with the jug somewhat depleted, by his side.

Jno. Seaton, of Breckenridge, called a fellow-citizen, Thos. Kelley, a "d-d horse-thief." The insult of it was the compromise of a suit for criminal slander.

Managers of the lunatic asylum at Fulton have accepted bid of Theodore Lacoiff (same place) for building the new criminal insane addition. The contract price is \$15,000 and work to be finished by January 1st.

Tom Conner has bought a half interest in the Joplin hotel—most valuable hotel property in southwest Missouri.

The losses in the fire at Rolla will be about \$50,000. There is already talk of rebuilding. The depot which was damaged will be repaired; meanwhile site will be selected for the new depot which is to be at once rebuilt.

Dennis Gillooly and James McIntyre quarreled at Hannibal about the latter's children, and on Wednesday evening they met on the street and proceeded to shoot it out. Mighty poor shooting, though. Gillooly shot five times and hit several bystanders but missed his man; and McIntyre had no better luck, as he managed only to put a ball through his own hand. The combatants were then arrested.

The U. S. court at Jefferson City last week was chiefly occupied with the arraignment of the moonshiners from Cole county. Several pleaded guilty and were sentenced from 30 to 60 days in Cole county jail. George Elmore pleaded guilty of not registering still, and was fined \$500 and three months in jail; John Vaughan, similar indictment and plea, \$1,000 fine and six months in jail—and both stay imprisoned until fine and costs are paid.

THE MEXICO (Mo.) Ledger, a Democratic paper, speaking of Gen. Ben. M. Prentiss, speaks on the fourth of July says—Gen. B. M. Prentiss, of Kirksville, Mo., the orator of the day, then took the speakers stand and delivered one of the soundest and most opportune speeches we ever listened to. It was full of patriotism and void of partisan feeling. It was replete with pointed thoughts and still lacked personal allusions which are always to be avoided. It was broad and comprehensive, both retrospective and prospective; just the speech for the occasion, and it was received with round after round of applause. Gen. Prentiss, when he came here, he has many more now. Such men as Prentiss is what this country needs now and forever more. His little son favored the audience by singing the "Red, White and Blue," which was most pleasantly received by the vast crowd.

## SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Freelicks will be much worn this summer.

Tan color is much in vogue especially in the country.

Face powders grow in popularity and are sold by all druggists.

There is a decided tendency toward the carrying of fans—to bed.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

Adam never dared to use the silly slang, "Some other Eve."

Heavy plaid shawls and fur jackets are being used everywhere—by moths.

The fashionable ladies' husband wear shirts without buttons. They pin their collars on behind with a nail.

Carpenters and heels are both on the same lay. They achieve success with the hatchet.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind.

The boys who run off and go a fishing generally do not catch anything until they get home.

A young lady who has studied all the "ologies" wants to know if the crack of the rifle where they put the powder in.

The hair is now worn boy-plaited and shirred with a beanie trimmings behind, and when lawn tennis lambskins out bias are hung over the ears it is considered quite dressy.

When a Chinaman was saved from drowning by being pulled out by his pig-tail, he feebly answered, "I thank quack."

An Ohio man drank a cup of iced, mistaking it for a cup of coffee. He swallowed at once a cup of melted butter, and it is soaped he will recover.

Massachusetts newspapers are prohibited from publishing marriage notices in future, because marriage is a lottery.

"What makes the hair fall out?" asks a correspondent. Usually it is the property of the deceased that makes the hairs fall out.

"The oldest inhabitant" is not a natural liar. He simply lets his imagination play in the open lot formerly occupied by memory and reason.

A Toronto baby fell by itself in a preambulator, while asleep, fell out in such a way that the strap suspended it by the neck until it was strangled to death.

A little boy starved to death in Pittsburgh, Penn., because of throat disease. While dying he asked his mother if he would get any dinner in Heaven.

Fred Archer, with his recent large earnings, feels plenty able to get married and has done so; he thinks he needs congratulations now more than ever before.

Postmaster General James believes in the employment of young men in the public service, as his experience shows that all the successful reformers are young men.

If a man who has not had the assistance of a physician for 24 hours dies, his death will be considered as sudden or unexpected and must be reported to the coroner.

Time now for hail-storm stories, where stones fell a foot deep as large as hen's eggs, and destroyed over a million dollars' worth of fruit in a space 20 rods wide by a quarter of a mile long.

We notice a great many of our northern exchanges are soft-soaping the Mexicans. Most of them have been needing soap of some kind for several centuries.—Texas Siftings.

When Queen Margherita drives or walks out in Naples she goes unattended. "Her virtues, her beauty, and the affections of the people are sufficient protection for her," says the Piccolo.

The Yonkers Gazette says that the meanest man that the Troy Press has lighted upon is he who picks his teeth with the interviewer's gilt edged card, while refusing to give him information.

A few years ago we had June weather in June, but since the prophets have begun to croakette with Dame Nature is a constant disappointment to all minded people.—Buffalo Express.

Dr. Mary Walker is by all odds the best compromise candidate for Senator She is a compromise between man and woman.—Buffalo Express.

Don't cook chickens in a brass kettle unless you want to get poisoned. That's what they did in Decatur, Ga., and thirty-five people came near dying.

Retribution.

An old yellow dog in Cologne, Ran away with an old woman's baggage; But the watchful old crogne Hit him twice with a stone, And it was dreadful to hear that dog grogne.

## OUR NEIGHBORS.

Sullivan County.

The temperance celebration at Milan was a grand success. Crowd estimated at 6,000 to 8,000.

(Free Press, Milan.)

The 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of September is when our Fair is to be held.

The 21st of June was celebrated by the Masonic order at Unionville in fine style.

The ticket sales on the Q. M. & P. at this place, amounted to \$500 last month. On the R. & S. W. the sales were nearly \$600.

Mr. Early, of St. Louis, bought of J. E. McCurdy, a span of mules, for which he paid \$475. This seems like a large price but then they were large mules.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night by one of the ladies of his congregation. "Well, my poor woman," said he, "so you are very ill and require the consolation of religion?" "No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous and can't sleep." "How can I help that?" asked the parson. "Oh, sir you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!" The parson made tracks.

Mr. J. W. Yardley reports that, hay harvest will begin immediately in his section. Grasses on the uplands are better than they were last year, and are extra heavy on bottom lands. Corn doing well but injured some by chintz-bugs.

The Presbyterian church has purchased a lot of Wm. Baas, corner of Fourth and Market St., for the purpose of erecting a church which will be quite an addition to the substantial improvement of Milan. It is intended to be finished by Oct. 1st.

Mr. A. C. and T. C. Taylor, near Greencastle, raise some of the finest stock hogs we have ever seen. Of late they have been filling on furs for breeders in Kansas and various parts of the state.

We are sorry to announce that young Mr. Fulk, who was injured by a train near Haley City a few days ago, has since died. His leg was amputated just below the knee, but inflammation setting in, he died on the morning of the 5th. We extend our earnest sympathy to the family and friends of the unfortunate man.

The train men on the morning freight on the Q. M. and P. breakfast at Green City.

Several young couples in this city have been viewing the comet from the front gate.

The workmen are engaged in building the telegraph line along the Q. M. and P. Two gangs of hands are between Kirksville and Quincy.

We learn from the Brookfield papers that a five weeks old child was found in Brookfield. They traced the mother to Browning. She proved to be Mrs. Vandiver who had been living at Boynton. They compelled her to return and take her child. A family at Browning have taken her and the child to live with them. She gave as a reason for abandoning her child that her husband had refused to live with her unless she got rid of the child. A coat of tar and feathers would be a good thing for a man guilty of prompting such a thing.

On last Saturday morning about 3 o'clock, a young man by the name of John Fulk was fatally injured by walking off a train of cars near Haley City. The engine was pushing some cars, Fulk walked to the head car and thought there was another car ahead. He, of course, fell and his leg was smashed and terribly mangled. He was bruised over one eye and quite a gash over the other. It is believed his skull was fractured. Saturday afternoon his leg was amputated 2 inches below the knee, by Drs. C. H. Downtain, of this place, Lee C. Downtain, of Greencastle, and Dr. Brown, of Haley. Fulk died on Sunday night.

Scotland County.

A young man named Kennedy seriously hurt on the Fourth. Thrown from a buggy.

The court house fence is in a bad condition; a disgrace to the town.

Sammy Wise, 9 years of age was drowned while in bathing on the afternoon of the 4th.

D. B. Cravens, a "holiness" convert proposes paying the county judges out the St. Louis jail. Big job.

Six cases of plain drinks on the 4th.

William Soldan was to have been tried at Clayton on Wednesday, for horse stealing, but skipped, and his bail was forfeited. His speedy departure was due to the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Bernstein, wife of his partner in the robbery, and who would have been a dangerous witness against him.

The railroad commissioners know nothing of the petition calling their attention to the alleged dangerousness of the bridge at St. Charles, and say that if anybody has any information on this point he will no doubt confer a favor by sending it to the Washack company, which is using the bridge constantly under the impression that it is safe.

This is a good time to talk up reform in the civil service.

## IN THE MEADOW.

Down in the Arlington meadow.

Where the daisies and buttercups grow—

Where the winds from their jungle of blossoms scatter the fragrance wherever they go—

While the brook through its margin of willow swept by with a musical flow.

There in the sweet fall of evening, When the heavens seemed dropping so high, With our eyes bending down on the daisies And our hearts lifted up to the sky, Our souls all tremble with gladness, We wandered, Meador and I, And 'twas there that I told her I loved her In accents half-whispered and low, But the rapture that lay in her answer 'Tis needless for any to know.

But as long as I live I shall bless it, That place where the buttercups grow— That loved-haunted spot in the meadow Where the daisies and buttercups grow.

Guiteau Described by a Fellow-Boarder.

To the Editor of the Globe-Democrat:—

St. Louis, July 6, 1881.—The enclosed hastily written letter received to-day from my brother, Rev. Rush R. Shippen, was not intended for the public, but with his consent, obtained by telegraph, I hand it to you for publication.

Since his installation as pastor of the Unitarian Church, in St. Louis, in April last, he has been boarding at Mrs. Grant's, No. 924 Fourteenth street, which is the boarding house referred to in the letter. Yours, J. M. SWETNAM.

WASHINGTON, July 4, 1881, 6 o'clock a. m.—DEAR JOSEPH: Before this reaches you the telegraph will give you the latest word of the President. While the bulletins the morning of July 4th were full of his hopeful condition, Dr. Baxter told me he has but slender chances. It seemed to me that the welfare of the republic lies so at the mercy of some fanatic. Except with the crowds who gather at conspicuous points, our city is quiet as a village. It is startling to the room next mine, and sat at the table directly by my side. An ill-flavored and silent individual, not attractive, you get had considerable talk together on casual topics of the day. You know I am specially disposed to meet strangers half way, but am not inquisitive or intrusive. Hence I never had learned the fellow's occupation or got beneath the surface with him. He was low-bred, and not up to continuous conversation of interest. He was rather silent, reserved, perhaps morose, and brooding over his own purposes. In little matters of table etiquette he seemed selfish, grasping, indifferent to the needs of others. Yet he was not specially offensive. He was level-headed with common sense and moderate intelligence. He went to one church or another on Sunday, and one or two evenings came to hear me. We talked of the tornado and the comet, of the Revised Version, and of Ingersoll's of the Albany dead-lock, and the political situation. He was an admirer of Senator Conkling, but never made any harsh criticism of the President, not even enough to show him to be a partisan. As he failed to pay his board-bill, on Thursday he was pressed for it by our landlady, Mrs. Grant. He said he was expecting a remittance and would attend to it soon. When asked for some reference, he said he knew the President, Secretary Blaine, and other first-class men; he had worked with them in politics, but he did not want to send her to them for his board-bill, on Friday evening before the assassination we were discussing him. We agreed he was a disagreeable knave, but nobody suggested insanity. Some of the ladies expressed strongly their intuitive shrinking from him, but I laughing, said, "Oh, he is not good-looking enough to please ladies, but I never saw anything bad in him. This, before his crime, as I try to put the man and his deed together, I am utterly amazed and dumbfounded. The thing is so horrible and unaccountable. And now that I recall the man and all his looks and words and movements, he seemed so quiet and self possessed, never excited, irritable or harsh—only somewhat peculiar, nervous and moody—I still can not recall anything significant of the catastrophe over which he was brooding. I do not believe it was a conspiracy, but that he alone is responsible. I do not believe it was a long intended purpose. I think the fellow in his own imagination exaggerated his political services, as indeed so many do. If that makes him crazy, there are crowds of lunatics. He exaggerated his claims on the Administration; came to Washington seeking a foreign consulship. He has spent three months in that office. Being out of pocket with our friends, driven to the wall, he has grown desperate, tired of life, ready for any fate, and with mingled revenge and sensationalism, he has been willing to go out of life in this tragic way. In the broad open day, in a crowded depot, he could have little hope to escape. I only became suicide in another shape.

CONK'S WEATHER SERVICE.

July, 1881, will be at times hot windy and showery. The warm days will be 3, 9, 13, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 31. The days liable to be marked by high and cool winds will be 5, 7, 10, 14, 15, 19, 23 and August 1. The days more liable to give areas of clouds and showers will be 3, 5, 9, 10, 12, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 31. The days more liable to give fairer haying and harvesting weather will be 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 19, 24, 25, 28, 30. Aurora and earthquake activity likely to occur near 3, 9, 10, 13, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 27, 31. July 1 will give clouding sky at the east, and clearing sky at the west, followed by showery weather.

E. J. COUCH.

At Sedalia, July 4th, a drunken negro named Stock quarrelled with his wife and charged her with unchastity, which she denied. He struck her with a large stone, which cut her head horribly, and then skipped. The woman is very low.

## DOES MIGHT MAKE RIGHT?

The Tables Turned—A Hackman Who Understands the Rules of Railroad Tariffs.

A communistic person identified with the dangerous classes of the Comstock and notorious for his disregard of the truth and contempt of vested rights, has just returned from San Francisco. This morning he endangered the good name of the Chronicle by entering its editorial room. The Nihilist declared that he had "a good thing on Stanford and Steve Gage," but he supposed the Chronicle, like the rest of the corrupt and time-serving press, would be afraid to publish it.

"Tell your story," said the editor with dignity, gazing inquiringly at the boot of the socialist which was resting upon the editorial table. The boot remained there, however, while the following ridiculous narrative was delivered:

It's fine weather at the bay, and everybody who can afford it takes a spin occasionally out of the dust and heat. Last Saturday Stanford and Gage were walking along Kearney street, and when they got to the corner of Bush, the Governor took off his hat, wiped his brow, and remarked:

"Steve, it's too hot for anything. What do you say to a breath of fresh air?"

"Have we time?" inquired Mr. Gage, pulling out his watch. So did the Governor, who replied:

"There isn't anything very pressing for a couple of hours, I guess, and we may as well take a spin out to the park. It isn't worth while to have out my horses. Let's take a hack, and then we can enjoy a walk when we get there. It'll be better than riding around the drives."

So they got into a coupe and were driven out to Golden Gate Park. At the entrance the Governor and Gage alighted.

"What's the fare?" asked the Governor.

"Only \$15 Guv'nur."

"What?" yelled Stanford and Gage in the same breath.

"Fifteen dollars," repeated cabby, unbending his coat and spitting on his hands.

"But my good man," protested the Governor, "such a charge is exorbitant. The law confines you to a reasonable price for your services, and you can be arrested and punished for such a violation of the ordinance."

"Hang the law!" growled cabby. "My money bought and paid for this hack an' hosses, an' as Guv'nur Stanford said in his letter to the New York Chamber of Commerce, 'the essence of ownership is control.'"

"Hem!" coughed the Governor, looking slyly at Steve, who began to grin.

"That's all well enough when applied to my railroads, but—but—er, now if you charge us \$15 to bring us to the park, what on earth would you charge us to take us to the Cliff house?"

"Five dollars."

"From here?"

"No; from the city."

"But it's twice the distance!"

"Yes, but it's a competitive point. Fifteen to the park, five to the Cliff. No hoggin' about it. Through rates to the Cliff, local rates back to the park added—just as you fellows do when you charge \$300 for drawing a car load of stuff from New York to 'Frisco, and make it \$800 if you drop the car at Elko, about 500 miles nearer New York."

It was Steve's turn to cough and the Governor's to grin.

"Well," said the Governor with a sigh, "take us to the Cliff."

At the Cliff House the Governor and Stephen drank their beer and smoked a cigar, and listened to the barking of the seals, and filled their lungs with sea breeze. Suddenly Steve elapped himself on the leg and cried out:

"By jove, Governor, I forgot that lot of coal of Smith's that the Sheriff is to sell at 3 o'clock. It is 2 now. If I miss that, a chance to save at least the hundred dollars will be gone."

"Good heavens!" cried the Governor snatching out his watch, "let's hurry back at once. Driver! Oh, driver!"

Here, sir," answered cabby, who had been leaning over balcony parapet within earshot "here, sir."

"We want to return to town immediately," cried Mr. Gage.

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," said cabby, slowly chewing a straw, "but I'll take my pay in advance, if it's all the same to you, gent."

The Governor growled somewhat between his teeth and tendered him \$5.

"Taint enough," said cabby contemptuously.

"In heaven's name, how far will your extortion go?" snorted the Governor.

"How much more do you want?"

"Five hundred more," calmly replied the hackman.

"Hey!" shrieked Steve and the Gov.

"Five hundred, an, not a cent less," replied cabby.

"How sir—er—damme, sir! How do you dare ask such a price for driving two gentlemen four or five miles?" snorted the Governor.

"I based my charge off 'what the traffic will bear, same as the railroads do,'" replied the hackman, with a grin. "If taters is sellin' in Los Angeles for fifty cents a bushel and at \$3 a bushel at Tucson, you fellows charge the poor devil of a rancher \$250 a bushel to haul his taters to Tucson and gobble all the profit. Now, I ain't as hogish as that. I heard Mr. Gage say if he could get into town at 3 o'clock he could make \$1,000. As there ain't no other hack here, I'm as good a monopoly for this wunst as any blasted railroad on earth; but ain't so greedy. I don't want all you can make by usin' my hack. I'm willin' to get along with half."

With a groan the Governor and Steve emptied their pockets and counted out the money.

"Now, see here," said cabby, as he closed the door of the hack on this victim, "I've done for wunst what you roosters day in an' day out have been doin' for years, an' made you millions by it. I happen to be able to give you a small dose of yer own medicine for wunst, an' I don't want you to do kickin' me. I know you kin send me to jail for runnin' my business on your principles, but if you jails me I'll have yer blood when I get out, an' don't yer forget it."